

Mors Principium Est, The Unborn

Smell the stench of the human flesh
See the bodies so rotten
The broken arms and the broken legs
No chance to get away from them
A lonely girl standing in the dust
Her eyes are cold and blind
The world is dead, there is no hope
We must never be born

The end of mankind has finally arrived
The voices of death will sing to us all
We have seen the signs in the sky
Yet nothing new has ever been born
We are the ones who will pay in the end
For the crimes and mistakes we made
We don't see it's already too late
It is too late to regret

Stop the game and lay down to the grave
No glory for the weak
Close the door and never open
No hope for the weak
Stop the game and lay down to the grave
No glory for the weak
Close the door and never open
No hope for the weak

You want to dominate and rule this world
But there's nothing for you to rule to
Can't you see, your power is too weak
You are too weak, you are too weak to see
That the game we all are attending
Is so close to it's end now finally
There's only one turn left, but still
We are the ones, we are the ones who will lose

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